

THE RECORD.

An Independent Newspaper.

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TERMS.
The subscription price of the paper is payable in advance, and when the time has expired to which it is paid, the paper will be stopped. Cards of thanks, obituary notices, etc., if not longer than ten lines, will be published free. A charge of five cents per line will be made for advertising. No variation of this rule to anyone. Free sample copies will be mailed. Advertisements will be inserted. A rate card will be furnished on request. Address all communications and make all remittances payable to **RECORD PRESS,** Greenville, Ky.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.
Entered at the Greenville, Ky., postoffice as second-class matter.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.
We are authorized to announce **WALTER C. KIMMEL** a candidate for Sheriff of Muhlenberg county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.
We are authorized to announce **C. S. CURD** a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Muhlenberg Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.
We are authorized to announce **F. H. LEWIS** a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk of Muhlenberg county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR JAILER.
We are authorized to announce **GEORGE M. YORK** a candidate for re-election to the office of Jailer, subject to the action of the Republican party.

KANSAS, after trying the near-prohibition for many years, has at last gone dry.

THE Greeks at South Omaha have found out that there is something worse than meeting a fellow-countryman.

"WILL the canal pay?" has been asked by some one. Up to the present vast sums have been paid but we do not know how long we can stand the pressure.

THERE is an apparent row now between the steel trust and the independents, but it is feared this is an arrangement for the unbecoming assimilation of the trust's competitors.

Sentence Sermons.

Kicking ceases to help when it becomes a habit.
Self-esteem does not develop self-reliance.
A soft answer never has a sting in it.
Professional spectators get least fun out of life.
Courage is simply the conquest of our fears.
Self depreciation soon ceases if it is not contradicted.
Knowledge is power only so far as it is practiced.
No man bears his burden better by adding your blame to it.
You can complete a good work, but you can never end it.
Life is pretty sure to be tragedy to those who take it only as a play.
New thought is like new coin, the brass seems as good as the gold.

Graveyard Philosophy.

An exchange says that in strolling about you pass the modest monument of the hired girl, who started the fire with kerosene, and the grass carpeted knoll that covers what is left of the boy who put a corn cob under the mule's tail.
The tall shaft of the man who blew out the gas casts a shadow across the little mound that pressed heavily on the bosom of the little boy who jumped on the moving train.
Side by side lies the eternal creature who kept her corset laced up to the last hole and the intellectual idiot who rode a bicycle nine miles in ten minutes.
Way over by the gate reposes the remains of the boy who went swimming on Sunday and the old woman who kept her baking powder side by side with strychnine in the cupboard.
Down there in the potter's field, with his toes partly above the ground, lies the misguided wretch who tried to lick the editor; while the broken bones of the man who wouldn't pay his subscription are piled up in the corner of the fence.
The fool-killer gathered them one by one; still he is somewhat behind with his orders.

SOME SIGHTS WORTH SEEING.

Described In Four Chapters

—BY—
OTTO A. ROTHERT.

Chapter I—Rock Bridge.
Chapter II—Davis' Cave.
Chapter III—Pilot Rock.
Chapter IV—The Cliffs of Clifty.

CHAPTER I.

ROCK BRIDGE.

Pleasure trips, if carried out at all are usually taken after first contemplating and planning them for a while. But there are exceptions, as we all know. It is true I had for a long time looked forward, in a general way, to a visit to some of the grand natural wonders in northern Christian and Todd counties, still, I must confess, my jaunt to that locality last fall, came up rather unexpectedly.

One day while Walter Yeargin and I were feasting our eyes for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time on Greenville's new Court House, Walter remarked that he presumed its striking dome is as high as Pilot Rock. Neither of us, like most people with whom we were acquainted, had ever been to the much talked of natural elevation and, therefore, we could make no comparison.

The weather being beautiful and the roads good, Walter, there and then proposed that we start at once for Pilot Rock and also visit Rock Bridge, Davis' Cave and the Cliffs of Clifty. I, of course, accepted the proposal. I presume I felt like that maiden, fair or otherwise, who, after looking long for a proposal from one source or another, when it came, exclaimed: "This is so sudden."

At any rate not a moment was lost making further preparations for the trip. We stepped into his H. M. T. buggy, drove up Main, turned up Hopkinsville St., passed the old Fair Grounds, and were soon flying over hills and hollows, bound for Apex, like Dr. Brank on an urgent sick call. Walter's swift thoroughbred allowed us little chance to

It was like flying through the county on No. 101. However we put in our time leisurely at each of the various stopping places on our program. It was an interesting trip and required only three days.

Our first destination was at Apex, "on the edge of Christian," near "Harrison's Old Tan Yard," and about a quarter of a mile from Rock Bridge, all of which are in Christian County. We halted in front of what we took to be a crossroads store and there asked for directions to Apex. But to our surprise we received the information that we were then in the heart of the town.

Since the name of the village seemed larger than the place itself, we inquired regarding the origin of this appellation. We were told by one of the customers, who invited us to enter, that when the Government granted the establishing of a post office, at this point, the neighborhood was asked to submit a name. It proposed Rock Bridge, but this being a "double word" as well as a "duplicate name" it was turned down by the postal authorities.

The community was then puzzled trying to find a suitable and simple word. While a crowd was sitting on the platform in front of the store enthusiastically discussing the matter, with open knives in their hands (whittling on boxes), the store keeper's wagon drove up with a load of goods. Among the crates was one filled with axle grease, conspicuously marked "APEX". Simultaneously every man jumped up from his seat, flourished his knife in the air and shouted: "I've got it! We'll call her APEX." And Apex it is.

Our informant then continued by trying to show that Apex was located on one of the highest points "for miles around" and is reached from the north and east by a gradual and almost imperceptible slope, while from the south and west the approaches are steeper. We, seeing nothing but higher looking hills "for miles around" and not having an eye trained in topography, took for granted that his observations were correct.

I suggested that when the town has more than one family for fellow citizens, its name ought to be pluralized and called Api. But my seemingly sarcastic intimation to shorten the word on that it would be more in harmony with the size of the town, did not meet with his ap-

proval, for the simple reason, as he expressed it, that the plural of Apex, according to Caesar, is Apices.

Fearing that another exposure of my wit would only lead to further confusion, we asked him to direct us to the stone bridge. "Stone bridge?" said he, "why I've lived in this neighborhood all my life but never before heard any one ask about the location of a stone bridge around here."

I would have quoted the old saying about a prophet being known in all countries except his own, had I not felt suspicious that I might not give it verbatim and might therefore again expose my ignorance. However, I replied: "Is it possible? You live so near Apex from which one can see 'for miles around' and you have never heard of that natural bridge?"

"Ah, I see what you are driving at," he continued. "But let me first say I am no geologist nor architect and know nothing about their technical terms, but according to English as it is spoken here, a stone is a dressed rock and a rock is an undressed stone. So, if it is the Rock Bridge you are trying to find I'll be glad to direct you to it."

Before we realized it we were discussing his ideas on rock and stone. I suggested that if he substituted the words finished and unfinished for dressed and undressed his definition might be a better one. I soon "saw my finish." He accused me of excessive modesty and warned me to keep away from this natural wonder saying there was not a single dressed rock around it.

We had no hopes of finding a subject on which we might get the best of the argument, so, thanking him for his information, we followed the path he instructed us to take, and soon located the bridge without any trouble.

This Rock Bridge deserves its fame. It is a curiosity worth many miles of travel. We had never seen a photograph of it, but in spite of the various descriptions we had heard, we found its general appearance slightly different from what we expected. We were told it is a rock spanning a hollow and wide enough for a horse to walk over.

Very gracefully, but it would be more exact to say it spans the head of a hollow, for, on one side of the bridge there is a long, steep and wooded hollow leading to Rock Bridge Church, while on the other side of the arch, at a distance of about 20 ft. is a perpendicular bluff, somewhat concave at its base, the solid wall being about 10 ft. higher than the arch and one of its abutments.

In other words—the words of Walter—

"I stood near Apex, on the Bridge of Sighs. A bluff on one hand and a hollow on 'tother." The bridge, as I take it, was in some past age split off from this bluff and then slipped down a few feet at a slightly changed angle. What is now the open arch under the bridge, was, before this separation or split, the concave of the old bluff.

As to its being "wide enough for a horse to walk over" I can only explain that any horse accustomed to walking, like a goat, on top of a rail fence, will experience no difficulty in crossing this bridge and backing off again.

The abutment on the west end is on a level with the bridge. I left Walter there and walked from it—erect, like a soldier going to a ball—right onto and over the arch. But when I arrived at the east end, I realized I would have to climb eight feet to get over this other abutment, or return the way I came.

Although my ancestors were cliff dwellers, I concluded it would be best not to show to what extent I inherited some of their accomplishments, for Walter, standing on the safe side of life, showed the drift of his thoughts regarding my predicament when he began questioning me concerning Roark's embalming method and engraving machine. So just to keep him from worrying less I fell off the bridge, as he once saw me fall off a water wagon, I got on my hands and knees and, more like a bear than a horse, bravely crawled back to the west abutment.

After giving me a chance to get my breath he accused me of "fear and trembling." I accounted for my nervous condition by remarking that this attack must be a case of "buck fever," such as the novice hunter experiences when he sees his first deer in the woods. I had just seen my first natural bridge.

We made a close inspection of the bridge. We walked and climbed around the bases of the two abut-

ments, both of which stands within a few feet of the bluff and are separated from it by steep, high-walled, step-like paths. The top of the abutment on the west, as already stated, is on a level with the bridge and measures about 20 ft. square. The top of the other is eight feet higher than the bridge, a little wider than the span and practically on the level with the upper part of the bluff. The span is almost inaccessible from this end owing to the fact that it is so much lower than the crown of this pillar.

The arch is a horizontal stratum uniting the two abutments into one solid sandstone rock, (or as our Apearian friend would say, into one solid sundrock rock.) The span is 65 ft. long and has a width of about 4 ft. which seems even less, for this narrow space is rounded off near its edges. It has a diameter of 3 ft. in the center, but gradually thickens downward toward the ends until the two curves strike the abutments where the diameter is about 6 ft. From the ends of the bridge it is some 30 ft. to the ground while from the middle, under which the hollow is deeper the distance is about 40 ft.

From the number of names and initials on this bridge and bluff one could almost compile a directory of the people "for miles around." Some have here engraved their full names and addresses; others, their names only. Many have recorded their initials and some their first or last name.

One or two have a hand in this record, for they drew the outline of their palms and in them enclosed their initials. Others, in like man-

ner, have put their sole into the work by trying to record their feet and thus leave foot prints on the sand stone rock.

One individual left his or some one's else heart on the bridge and marked it "J. C." Walter diagnosed it a heart affection. To me it looked more like the outline of a piece of liver.

In a number of cases the patience of the carver seems to have been exhausted before the word was completed. Many of the names are squeezed into small corners, but "Otis Fox" takes up an acre, "more or less."

No matter with what care or carelessness these records are made, whether with chisel or chalk, they, like their originals, "endure not forever." In the convenient spaces the old names disappear as fast as the new ones come on. Others are worn away by being constantly walked over. Those engraved on the perpendicular and almost inaccessible walls are all, sooner or later, hidden by a growth of fungus.

Among those names best preserved I now recall having seen are these: Arthur Lyell, R. T. Martin, Claud Walker, Alexander Hendrie, E. L. Young, D. M. Allen, T. Dillingham, L. Putman, W. E. Gray, W. S. Johnson.

While scrutinizing the rock for letters, Walter espied a distinct D. and some feet from it I observed a beautiful B. This discovery was of course, the source of much rejoicing to us, because we know what D. B. stands for every time it is found on a rock in Kentucky.

Apples Are Man's Natural Food

The apple was first served by Eve. There is as much difference in apples as in men, and we believe we have some apples for sale now that are better than the kind Adam ate—and those were tempting enough.

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Easy to Mix This.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, which is said to be a positive remedy for backache or kidney or bladder derangement, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well known druggist here at home, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter, which cause sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Muhlenberg County Savings Bank,
Greenville, Kentucky.
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DEC. 31st., 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$238,782.12
Expense	2,709.16
House and Lot and Fixtures	4,977.00
Bonds	5,550.00
Cash on hand and due from Banks	56,369.18
	\$308,387.46

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock (Paid Up)	\$26,000.00
Deposits	268,016.56
Surplus and Undivided Profits	13,770.50
	\$308,387.46

I, Thos. E. Sumner, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

THOS. E. SUMNER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of January, 1909.

F. H. LEWIS, Clerk.
By **H. C. LEWIS, D. C.**

First National Bank,

Greenville, Kentucky.

Officers—W. A. Wickliffe, President; C. E. Martin, Vice President; John T. Reynolds, Jr., Cashier; Ed. S. Wood, Assistant Cashier.

Directors—W. A. Wickliffe, E. J. Puryear, R. T. Martin, J. T. Reynolds, Jr., Ed. S. Wood, C. E. Martin, Geo. W. Martin.

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Augustus E. Wilton

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